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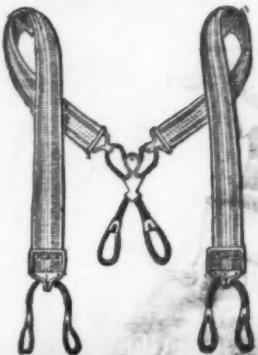
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NOTES FROM THE DIARY OF A CITY WAITER.

If there's wan thing as I likes more than another its variety, and I thinks I am bound in honor to say as I gits plenty on it. On Munday I seed sitch a scene as I never seed afore, and can scarcely hope never to see again. Fancy his Royal Hiness the Prince of WHALES, and her Royal and butiful Hiness the Princess of the same, and almost all the Royal Famery, cumming to Guildhall to see the youthfu Prince—who ewery boddy calls by a different name, but who I aline means to call EDDARD, cos it was King EDDARD of blessed memory as founded blooming Billingsgate, the pride of the Copperation's Art, but this buy the buy—go through what will.

probberly be the most importenteast awent of his long rain, wen it comes, which may it be a long wile off! namely taking up his freedom in the Grate City! Ah, that was summut like a site, that was. I wunee did good Mr. HOVERALL, the Liberaryan, a little service in gitting him a nice plate of clear turtel wen he was jest about dun up with ard work, so he kindly managed to squeeze me into the butiful Libery jest before the royal party cum. So I seed it all.

The fust thing as struck me was the startin fact, that as a King EDDARD made the fust and noblest of all Fish Markets, and the Prince of WHALES natrally took a interest in it, as his honnored name wood suggest, so his youthfu Son and Hair insisted on being made a Fishmonger afore he was made a Cittizen. But lor that wasn't all that was necessary to be din, Prince or no Prince. The LORD MAKE is that partickler in all these most himmortal matters, that before he wood allow the youthfu but Royal EDDARD to swear loyalty to him as King of the City by the name and titel of FOWLER the 2nd, he demanded to know, who knowed as he was wot he said he was? This must ha bin a awful moment in the life of the young Fish-munger! But he need not have bin alarmed. There was no less than four blooming Common Counsellmen all clothed in butiful blaw dresses, as boldy stood forth, oyest a little pail with their awful responsorability, and boldy said as they knowed him to be of good fame and reppytashun, and that he was the reel son of his Father and Mother! Ah! to see the butiful quiet smile of that proud and butiful mother was summat to remember, even after dinner, and as for the Prince of WHALES he really larfed as if he thort it was a cappital joke.

Then the same four bold counsellmen, to show as how they was in real ernest, ought to have shouted out "and so say all of us," but they were that nervous that they all made a mistake and sed "and so we all say!" witch I shood call quite a new version of a werry old chorna.

Well, then follered one of the werry comicallest scenes as I never seed. Whether the LORD MAKE knowd as I was in a grate urry and wanted to be off to Chingford to wait on the Plummers company, of coars I don't no, but I don't suppose as noboddy never seed a msgnificent spread for about 900 Princes and Princesses and other imminent swells, polished off at sitch express speed as that 'ere one was. Why, the hole copious Maynew and all the warious toastesen, and all the gratefool ansers to 'em, was all got through in about an hour! Didn't sum of the reglar old uns jest grumbel at wot won on 'em called this most onnatural aste, and a reg'lar waist of good wittles? Some of the lady visitors was grately disappointed, for d'reely the royal famery left the All, about half a dozen pleasemen marched in and stood gard over the Royal Table. So there was no opportunity for them to show their gu-hing Loyalty by warking off with the flours and the frute as Royalty had left. I dessay the Copperashun knos best, but, tho' I'm only a humbel Waiter, I car'n't help saying as that anythink in the natur of urry is quite out of sorts with reel Royalty, and no more agrees with it than Shampagne agrees with Turtel Soop.

So much for Munday, Royalty and urry and grumbeling. But on Wensday, down at the Inventories, I assisted at a werry diffrent scene. There wasn't no Royalty to be sure, but there was Nobility and there was Hart, and there was Literyoor, and there was Beauty to give Phillips to the wits—one on 'em sed as the ladies was like the new Cabs, all Hansoms and no Growlers—and as helligan a maynu as the most fastidgeous Alderman could require. There wasn't no urry there, quite the contrary, for the wit was so keen, and the fun and charf was so jolly, and the eloquement fountings and trees and gardings was so evenly, that all the werry full dress and anson and appy compeny lingord and lingord on till they was amost locked in. I couldn't quite make out wot it was all about, but I think it was a kind of hexperiment jest to see if a partickler nice set of people couldn't dine together pretty cumferabel without no Tostes and no speaches!

It was, of course, a werry bold attempt to make, and required a man with the ordassys of a Nite Templar to do it, but he did it, and it's success may make a nearer in the istory of Dining. I'm natrally myself werry much aworse to all change in this most important of all hearthly matters, wun never nose where it's to stop. I wunce herd of a hawful idea to employ nun but dum waiters! so that they couldn't hear not nothink as was sed, but it never came to nothink. But most sudtenly, to my simple natur, dinner without no Toast seems about as unnatural as Tea without no Shrimps, witch I suppose as all will allow, is a depth of diggeradation difficult to conceive.

ROBERT.

"O Tempora!"

TOLD fibs two years ago? Why, that's no crime!
Cries RANDOLPH, "I shan't think of an apology."

Consistency's a mere affair of time,

And Conscience just a question of Chronology;
But surely Truth, to meet new Obligations,
Requires a new Statute of Limitations!



NEVER SAY DIE!

Ethel. "DOESN'T IT MAKE YOU FEEL RATHER SICK?"
Tommy. "YES—BUT I LIKE THE FEELING!"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM

THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday Night, July 6th.—Parliament met to-day after recess for Ministerial re-elections. Everybody but WILFRID LAWSON in high good humour. WILFRID not been home very long, but long enough to discover he can't trust the new Government. So gives notice of a Vote which, if carried, would turn them out.

"You weren't particularly fond of the last Government," I said to him.

"Precisely. But that only shows how entirely free I am from prejudice."

In the Lords, the Markiss deferential and conciliatory. Appeals, with tear in his eye, to Lord KIMBERLY to bear witness that he never meant to postpone Dissolution. KIMBERLY bears witness accordingly. CARNARVON, the new Irish Lord-Lieutenant, announces Government don't intend to renew Coercion Bill.

"I say, ASHBOURNE," said Lord CASTLEBROWN, addressing a gentleman with white hair, ruddy face, and ready smile, "isn't this a little odd? Seems uncommonly like as if the Markiss was going to adopt policy advocated by CHAMBERLAIN and DILKE and found too strong for the Liberals. But that can't be. You'd never stand that."

"Why not?" said the new Peer, with look of bland inquiry.

"Why, I've heard you in the other House hint at awful things if GLADSTONE let the Coercion Act lapse."

"Pooh, pooh! dear boy, you are discussing two entirely different persons. That was EDWARD GIBSON you are talking about, and you are talking to Lord ASHBOURNE."

The McCULLUM MORE watched with sardonic smile interchange of courtesies between the two Front Benches. General disposition to slide over circumstances attending change of Ministry; desire to make things comfortable all round.

"That's all very well for to-night," said The McCULLUM MORE,

AN INVITATION.

(Imitated from, and commended to, the "St. James's Gazette.")

COME, then! and, if you can,
Forget the Grand Old Man.
His craft, his cunning, and his casuist tricks;
Which he calls politics;
Forego, if but awhile, the bonds and rules
With which Dame Party fools
The smartest scribes in Town,
Making them play the clown.
He, for the moment, does not stop the way,
So let us have a little frank fair play.
The Tories, glad and hale,
In Office now prevail;
Young men as Ministers are bursting out;
Lies still are blown about
By raging Rads inspired by Party spite,
And Jingoes, fierce for fight.
But, bless us! Summer's fair,
Roses blushing everywhere;
Why keep up a perpetual fizz and frown?
Come! turn it up, and let the Old Man alone!
Since RANDOLPH, smart and young,
Rules, backed by Land and Bung,
How can we come to any special harm?
Has chivalry no charm?
Eternal nagging, like fool Bottom's roar,
Becomes an awful bore.
A truce to shrieks and squeals!
Poor spirit it reveals—
To spout perpetual Party Fi-fo-fum.
Leave that to duffers; try good temper! Come!

MR. PUNCH's hearty congratulations to Sir NATHANIEL DE ROTHSCHILD, who, last Thursday, made his appearance as the first Jewish Peer of the Realm in the House of Lords. It is on record that he looked particularly neat, quite "natty," in fact. As, according to the venerable ancient rite, he took the oath everlasted, his Lordship might, had he chosen to change his name, have assumed the style and title of Lord HATTON.

MOST APPROPRIATE.—The real Member for Eye should be Mr. CHITCHET.

"but on Friday I'll see if I can't make things more lively." Accordingly, gave notice to "call attention to circumstances attending change of Administration."

In Commons, BRADLAUGH appeared, positively for the last time in the history of this Parliament. Affair decorously dull.

"If the House is coming down to this," said Sergeant-at-Arms pulling off pearl-grey gloves, "sooner it's dead and buried the better. Here I have been practising the waltz step this morning with the thermometer at eighty in the shade, bought new gloves, put on best pumps, and BRADLAUGH walks up and down the House like ordinary Christian!"

Good deal of speech-making, interspersed with little promenading by BRADLAUGH. But whole affair very tame. ATTORNEY-GENERAL made maiden speech. Great hit was his allusion to HARDINGE GIFFARD as "keeper of QUEEN'S conscience." Pretty to see WEBSTER's look of astonishment when House laughed. Hadn't meant to make a joke, and hasn't yet seen it.

Business done.—Thirty-four Votes in Committee of Supply. One notice of Vote of Censure.

Tuesday.—Most affecting scene to-night; scarcely a dry eye on the crowded benches. GLADSTONE been talking in kind and gracious manner about new Ministry; RANDOLPH, with voice trembling with emotion, throws himself on Old Man's breast, and discloses his long-dissimulated love.

"Most con-id-sid-siderate," he says, through his sobs. "Most mag-mag-magnanimous."

Some people had hinted suspicion that GLADSTONE would act otherwise. But not Lord RANDOLPH. It was not for him to obtrude his notions upon the House. He had, indeed, in times past, successfully concealed them. But now the flood-gates had burst, natural emotion would have its flow, and Youth and Age were looked in fond embrace. JESSE COLLINS didn't get over the spectacle for long time. Three hours later, rising to speak on some other question, he addressed the astonished SPEAKER as "Mr. Mayor."

In course of speech RANDOLPH, much against will, touched on contentious matter—could not close his eyes to historical fact that, in 1853, when Tory Party passed Coercion Bill, GLADSTONE was a



PUCK IN OFFICE.

"GENTLES, DO NOT REPREHEND;
IF YOU Pardon, WE WILL MEND."

AND, AS I AM AN HONEST PUCK,
IF WE HAVE UNEARNED LUCK

NOW TO 'SCAPE THE SERPENT'S TONGUE,
WE WILL MAKE AMENDS ERE LONG."
Midsummer Night's Dream, Act V. Sc. 1.

member of the Party. Overpowering argument this, as bearing on question at issue. GLADSTONE obliged to note it; so, smiling benignantly on his young friend on other side of the table, he observed, "I was then twenty-three years of age."

"Only twenty-three!" said RANDOLPH, with note of admiration in his voice at this fresh and striking testimony to GLADSTONE's versatility. "Yes, but so remarkable is the genius of the Right Honourable Gentleman, that it would not be extraordinary if, at the age of twenty-three, he had dominated the Tory Party."

Beautiful all this. Tempting to linger over. Almost as touching

as the depreciation by Sir MICHAEL BEACH of desire on part of Tories for Coercion Bills in Ireland. "We do not propose," he said just now, "to renew any of the provisions of the Crimes Act, because we object to exceptional legislation of this character;" and he wondered why, when he was so grave, the House should go into paroxysms of laughter.

Business done.—Government secure for public business remaining days of Session.

Wednesday.—Quiet afternoon with Navy Estimates. The calm

sea raffled once by lynx-eyed LABBY, who wanted to know why, when there is only one Queen, there should be five Royal Yachts.

"Wouldn't mind an additional yacht or so," said the Sage of Queen Anne's Gate, "if only they were used. But here's a yacht cost £200,000 to begin with, £56,000 spent in repairs last year, £3,000 more wanted this year. Wages going on regularly, and yacht scarcely ever out of harbour."

Rather strong case this on face of it. But suppose it's all right since LABBY got only thirty-seven Members to follow him, 128 supporting the Vote.

Another ripple about HOBART PASHA. "A political agitator in this country on behalf of the Turkish Government," cried Sir GEORGE CAMPBELL. "Who put him on the half-pay list?"

"Not I," said Lord GEORGE HAMILTON. "Only just come in. Must ask late Government."

"Not I," says CAINE. "Don't know the party."

Nevertheless, here's the Vote. Committee not without suspicion that HOBART PASHA may have already pouched a quarter's salary or so. Evident bewilderment. Happy Thought—Ask GLADSTONE. GLADSTONE not present, so inquiry relegated to Report stage.

Business done.—Navy Estimates completed.

Thursday.—No doubt about GEORGE HAMILTON's courage. Has frequently faced GLADSTONE, and has now, at few moments' notice, taken command of the British Fleet. "Not that I would have done it without assistance," he modestly says. "Bargained for that with Markiss when appointment offered. Give me a thoroughly good man as Civil Lord, and I'll go anywhere and do anything." "Who'll you have?" says the Markiss. "ASHMEAD-BARTLETT," says I. "H'm!" says the Markiss. "I wanted ASHMEAD myself at the Foreign Office, or, if I could make up my mind to spare him, would have given him to the Colonies, or the War Office, or the Home Office. In fact, he's one of those men that will do equally well anywhere." ASHMEAD-BARTLETT, or I don't go to the Admiralty, I insisted. "Very well," said the Markiss, "if it must be, it must be." So it was settled.

"But what's the matter now?" I ask. "He's not going to leave you, is he?"

"No, it's not that. It's LENNOX," said Lord GEORGE, nervously tearing a piece of paper off his copy of the Orders, and laboriously folding, refolding, measuring, and shaping it. "Was to have been here yesterday to discuss Navy Estimates. Couldn't come. Bound to be here to-day. You know he declared the other day before passionate public meeting at Pendleton-in-the-Pond, that as he had attacked Naval Administration of the late Government, he would not spare us. Means what he says too. Terrible fellow when he starts. Here he comes, and with trousers turned up! Bad sign that." And Lord GEORGE nervously tore up bit of paper he'd just formed into perfect square.

"Don't be too hard on them, HENRY," I whispered in LENNOX's ear. "They're young in office yet."

"Well, since you intercede, TONY," he said, with little curtesy, "I'll let 'em off easy. But must teach them my eye's upon them."

Pretty mild after all, but nothing to what he might have been. "I'm pledged to the English people, TONY," he said afterwards, "and I'll keep my bond at whatever cost to personal feeling. I told them at Pendleton-in-the-Pond to rely upon me to keep the Navy straight. They are relying, and they shall not be disappointed." And HENRY smote his manly chest, took in another reef on his starboard trouser, and flashed on trembling First Lord of Admiralty an eye that gleamed like a binnacle light.

Business done.—BEACH brings in Budget.

Friday Night.—"What's that?" I ask the Markiss, as a sound of melody floated through the Corridors leading to the House of Lords.

"Oh, it's only The McCULLUM MORE, coming down to make a speech. Old privilege of the ARGYLLS, you know, that they may enter Debate preceded by the Family Piper. Here he comes!"

Sure enough he did, the Piper first playing "*The Campbells are Coming*," then The McCULLUM MORE, with head thrown back, "Pride in his port, and orange bitters in his sherry," said ROSEBERT, little thinking what was in store for him. Three times they circulated the Benches, the Piper finally halting at second Bench

below the Gangway, where McCULLUM MORE deposited himself, and, after one tremendous whirl of Pipes, began.

Prodigious speech. Everybody wrong, especially ROSEBERT. Late Government hopeless; present Government doubtful. Dismiss everybody, and leave everything to The McCULLUM MORE. After this magnificent oration, everybody struck dumb—everybody but ROSEBERT, who, young and audacious, actually chaffed his High and Mightiness!

Business done.—Duke of ARGYLL thoroughly enjoys himself for hour and quarter.

IN THE TEMPLE GARDENS.

WHERE blossomed red roses and white on the shores of the swift-sliding Thames, Which no traffic of Trade had then stained, where the wrangling Lancastrian railed,

And the cheeks of the choleric Yorkist flushed ruddy with hatred's hot flames, On many a crimson-dyed battle-plain doomed to be death-blanchéd and paled;

Where revels and feastings and pageants of times when the Tudor sat high, Have long given place to the pacings and ploddings of students-at-law, There now, on a soft summer eve, under Babylon's blue-dappled sky, For once driven clear of foul reek as the wind-winnéd heights o'er Loch Awe;

A sight may be seen which would startle the Tudor, and move with amaze The rose-badged Plantagenet ruffler. The roses, alas! are now rare; Their red will not freely unfurl amidst London's mephitic grey haze, Their white cannot snowily spread in the City's dull smoke-laden air.

Yet green grows the grass as of old, and now, footing it feately, you'll find, Not dryads or nymphs, nay, nor even fine ladies from mansion or Court, But scantily shod street waifs of London, pale mites, frowsy-clad, but with mind Full set on the madness of frolic, absorbed in the rapture of sport.

Scarce LAZARUS stretched in the shade of Shedad's eastern Eden might look Much stranger than London's small Arabs at play in this learned retreat, This cloister of secular black-robed recluses and slaves of the book, Whose verdurous hush is unbroken by sounds from the wheel-harassed street.

The rap of the racquet here echoes, the flash of the fast-flying ball Gleams white o'er the green of the turf. With the sound and the sight there are blent The laugh of the ragged young romp, and the street-urchin's cockneyish call, The vision of foot-weary slum-dwellers sprawling in restful content.

Polished mook-Pastoral Players, who pose 'midst the woodlands of Coombe, Less gladly inhale the bland air than these frowsy-clad thralls of the Town, Who tumble and scamper and whoop where the spindly geraniums bloom, And the plane trees and limes of mid-London at mid-summer shrivel and brown.

The town-children's small *rus in urbe*! There toddlers impatiently wait, There ten-year-old nurses, overburdened with animate bundles, abide Expecting the clock's *Open Sesame!* when through the big iron gate The band may break over the turf in an eager tumultuous tide.

"Please, Sir, what time is it now?" So the faint childish treble appeals, And out of a wan face the wide wistful eyes look up into your own; And, in spite of the tatters and grime, what a flush of warm sympathy steals To the heart of the well-to-do watcher, if haply that heart is not stone.

No Arcadian prim picturequeness; the brush of a CALLOT might find Fit theme in these tatterdemalions, grubby, grotesque, and unkempt; Yet here is far wholesomer stuff for the brooding prophetic mind, Than much which the artist has pictured, than much which the bardling has dreamt.

Sir JOSHUA's roseate cherubs, the muslin-clad modish child-swallers Of MILLAS and SANT are thin visions compared with yon pallid-faced mite; But her soiled cotton-print hangs in loops, in the purlieus of Drury she dwells, And to her the trim Temple *parterres* are an all-too-brief dream of delight.

Shout, scamper, and squabble, poor waifs, though the eye of the dainty may turn, And the ear of the sensitive shrink, at the dust and the din of your sport. Let shallow-souled sentiment gush of child-dwellers by brooklet or burn; Thoughts deeper, if sterner, are stirred by these throngs from the grey City court.

Red roses and white of old times did less grace to these gardens, be sure, Than the urchin-troop, towzed and loud, that now whoop by the waters of Thames; And our Templars to-day do far better in giving glad hours to the poor, Than though flashing in front of the fight for the making of glorious names.

"LOOK HERE!"—*A Book for the Rail* is the second title of this amusing brochure, which would certainly be abbreviated by an Irishman into a *Rate Book*. Full of good temper, although the Author admits to being SHARKEY.

THE EARLY GOOSEBERRY.



INCE the *Times*, owing, no doubt, to the fact that the Session already gives decided indications of coming rapidly to a close, has freely opened up its pages to the peculiarities of "the Rat," the following further instalment of Dull Season Correspondence, which is entirely at its disposal, may be read with some interest:—

*The Vicarage,
Thumping-on-the-Braine.*

July 21, 1885.

SIR,—The remarkable and really wonderful displays of instinct, as described in the entertaining letters of your various Correspondents who have for the last fortnight descended at length on the more hidden life of the Common Domestic Blue-

bottle, impel me, as an enthusiastic cultivator of strange pets, to relate my own most recent, and perhaps most curious, experience—namely, that of the habits of a full-grown Central African Hippopotamus.

One having been sent to me some years since when quite young, anonymously in a horse-box, I had kept the creature in a substantial barn on my own premises, and brought it up, so to speak, "in the house," feeding it at intervals through a grating with a pitchfork, till at length it grew so tame that it would take a sack of Potatoes from my hand. That these quiet but much maligned creatures have been set down as lacking in intelligence, is well known; but I can only testify from my own practical experience that the charge has no foundation. As a case in point, I can vouch for the fact that, on one occasion, forgetting to let my knowing African friend out for his little matutinal scamper about my lawn—a privilege I always allowed him—he at once backed out bodily through the outer wall of his rustic, but strongly-built prison-house, carrying away with him fifteen square yards of solid masonry, with chains, bolts, bars, and half the roof in accomplishing his exploit, finally walking in at my study window covered with brick-dust, only to go through the floor instantly, with a heavy crash, into the wine-cellars beneath, much to my surprise.

After this interesting occurrence, strangely enough we were in the habit of finding all our cucumber frames frequently destroyed as utterly as if some vindictive person had crushed them purposely with a steam-roller. At first I dismissed in turn several of my gardeners, but the strange annoyance continuing notwithstanding, I made up my mind—for the frames had been repaired, indeed, I might say entirely renewed, thirteen times at a very great outlay—to watch for myself. I had not long to wait. Scarcely had the lights been put out, but I noticed my mischief-loving friend quietly walking round the corner, and approaching the frames. Taking a preliminary roll over a bed of varied geraniums as if to stretch his legs, I saw him deliberately near the end frame, and then, as if enjoying the pastime, roll head-over-heels backwards and forwards several times across the seventy-five feet of handsome glass, wood-work and prize vegetables, and after the whole was little better than a flattened pulp, quietly retire as if refreshed by his exercise.

I am inclined to think that he regarded the glassy surface presented to his view as the nearest approach to the Nile to be found in the neighbourhood; and though I have since parted with my old favourite to the proprietor of a travelling menagerie, who took him off my hands with a *bonus*, I am even now, when I think of them, struck with the various signs of really active intelligence he displayed before we parted company. My vicarage, on three sides, is still under repair, but we have not yet, I can assure you, forgotten our playful Megatherium. I am, Sir, your obedient Servant,

J. B. HUMBLETHWAITE.

The Phenomenal Club, 17th July, 1885.

SIR,—I can, in every respect, confirm your Correspondent's interesting account of the astuteness and intelligence of the much abused Hippopotamus. The manner in which he will bring a grand piano down-stairs, I have heard, is this. Lying on his back, he clasps the instrument tightly with his hind and fore legs, and, descending backwards, slides down each flight, carrying away a few banisters at

each turn, the master of the house, who is generally holding his tail in an effort to stop him, acting as a useful drag. Anybody who has stayed several months in a country mansion, where one of these clever and lively creatures is kept loose, will confirm what I say. But it is when three or four of them combine that the most remarkable results follow. Then I have known the whole contents of three upper storeys, together with the staircase itself, brought completely down into the hall in a single afternoon. Though it is yet the month of July, and Parliament is still sitting, feeling that no apology is due to your readers for supplying them with this quaint and timely information, I beg to subscribe myself,

ALMOST AN EYE-WITNESS.

POETS CORNERED.

THE Annual Meeting of the "Wordsworth Society," held the other night at Rutland Gate under the indefatigable presidency of Lord HOUGHTON, though an evidence of much prevalent intellectual activity, at the same time discloses some curious facts about post-worship hitherto possibly not suspected by the outside and uninitiated public. To judge from the briefly reported account of the proceedings, it would appear that for genius to have an enthusiastic following is not such a very enviable fate, after all. After one or two playful all-round hits in his best style, the noble Chairman, proceeding to deal with the special idol of the evening, commences what might be fairly termed his masterly attack on him, by expressing his inability to understand why when he (the speaker) was a Cambridge Undergraduate, WORDSWORTH excited, as he undoubtedly did for a brief season, any enthusiasm whatever. With this regular back-hander to set off with, the noble critic finds, apparently, no difficulty in following on with more in the same line. There was, he says, no reason, as far as he could see, why anybody should have laboured to elevate either the poet's name or his works; and he adds, almost dolefully, further down, not only that "the extreme familiarity" of the Great Master's diction had in it something uncongenial to the literary minds of every period, but that that fatal artistic defect was, moreover, "accompanied by something that looked like vulgarity of thought."

After this regular pail of cold water delivered at his reputation, it would have been reasonable to suppose that the offending Author of "*We are Seven*" might have been mercifully dismissed. But no,—Lord HOUGHTON had still something still more stinging in reserve to say about him.

Once more harping subacidly on the Great Master's "extreme familiarity of diction," he moreover maintains that the sentiments which it represented "were of a very ordinary character" (*sic*), and "unassociated with any of those stirring, deep and passionate emotions with which BURNS was saturated. And looking back," he continues, as if to give the selected idol of the evening a sort of finishing settler, "I think we feel that more strongly from that one great deficiency of the faculties of WORDSWORTH—total want of sense of humour. No man with a sense of humour could have exposed himself to those occasionally just criticisms of the almost comic positions of some of his characters."

After this there really does not seem room for much more to be said, though it is only fair to the distinguished lecturer to add, that he concluded this severe and scathing criticism with the candid admission, amid much laughter, that if asked to name in a Lady's Album the greatest poem in the English language, he should unhesitatingly set down "*The Ode on the Intimations of Immortality*." Notwithstanding, however, this tardy compliment, it is evidently no joke for a poet to have an evening to himself at Rutland Gate. We do not clearly recall what its accomplished owner made of GRAY and COLERIDGE, but we would strongly advise him, if he contemplates the immediate worship of any living genius, not to deliver his panegyric before submitting the rough draft to a respectable Solicitor well up in the law of libel.

The Ban-Crofters' Bill.

NEXT Saturday Mr. and Mrs. BANCROFT bid farewell to management. As wise as they are clever. Most women have their one chance of marriage offered them in the course of their lives; and most managers have their one chance offered them of retiring with a fortune. Bankrupt or BANCROFT? "that is the question"—and they have shown in this step, as in nearly every other, their good judgment. *Mr. Punch* throws the old shoe after them for luck, and wishes them a thorough enjoyment of their well-earned repose.

ETON v. HARROW.—Such a lot of 'eatin' at Lord's. The Boys were not pupils, but apparently all crammers. Glad to see that the Etonian Goaling acted up to his name, made twenty-three, and so didn't come out with a "duck's egg." All Cricketers must be Conservatives, as they would never vote for abolishing Lord's.



THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE LEFT UNSAID.

She. "WOULD YOU MIND PUTTING MY LAWN-TENNIS SHOES IN YOUR POCKETS, MR. GREEN?"

He. "I'M AFRAID MY POCKETS ARE HARDLY BIG ENOUGH, MISS GLADYS; BUT I SHALL BE DELIGHTED TO CARRY THEM FOR YOU!"

**HOW BRER RABBIT LOST HIS FINE BUSHY TAIL, AND HOW
BRER FOX GOT INTO SERIOUS BUSINESS.**

(*Uncle Remus up to Date.*)

"AFTER Gran' Ole Man Rabbit lost his long bushy tail," began Uncle REMUS, and then he paused suggestively.

"How did he lose it?" asked the little boy, curiously. This was just what the old man expected, and he responded readily.

"Wy some fokes sez one way en some fokes anudder. Dey ain't sorter 'greed on dis yer pint nohow, dey ain't. Dat tail foller Gran' Ole Man Rabbit fer years, des like it wuz his shadder. His enemies say he ain't nuttin' t'all widout it, mor'n a pump widout a handle. Dey sorter laff, en had a spell er de dry grins 'bout Brer Rabbit en his tail, dey did, en kinder bounces in on him ez he hatter go whar his tail tuk him, dey did. Brer Rabbit ain't say nutthin', but des wag dat tail ez biggity ex Brer Squirl at noon time. But Brer Rabbit he lose dat tail o' his'n mighty sudden en unexpected at las' he did. Some say Brer Alligator nibbled it off, udders dat Brer Pig did de deed, udders dat Brer B'ar wuz at de bottom er de mischief, but de mos' 'low' ex he done gone lost it er purpos', caze he cotch in a trap, like Brer Fox in de story, en couldn't skaddle widout roppin' en it."

The little boy looked sorrowful. "Poor Brer Rabbit!" he began, when the old nigger interrupted him.

"Don't you grieve after Brer Rabbit. He ain't smashed yit, en w'at's mo', honey, he ain't gwineter. But w'at I lay out fer ter tell yer wuz, that after Gran' Ole Man Rabbit lose de fine bushiness en his tail he lay low, he did, en kinder leave de rules er de roost ter Brer Fox en Brer Bison, like w'at I tell you 'fore."

"And did they do better than Brer Rabbit?" asked the little boy.

"De place wharabouts you spill de grease
Right dar your boun' ter slide,
Brer Fox may set a Rabbit-trap
Ha find himself inside,"

chanted the old nigger, with a cunning smile on his ancient countenance. "I notices," he continued, "dat dem fokes w'at makes a great 'miration 'bout w'at dey fancies dey knows, is des de

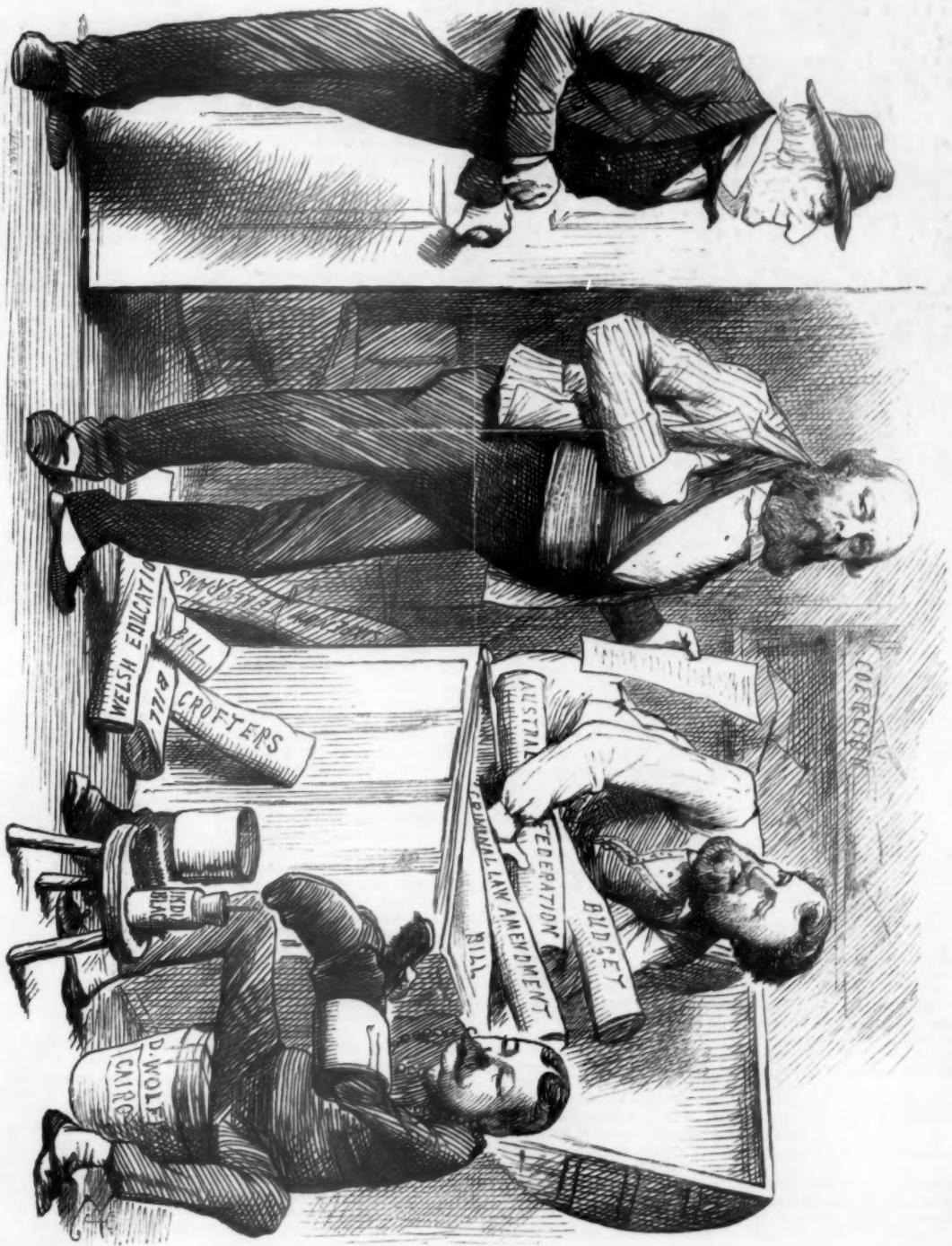
fokes w'ich you can't put no great 'pennunce in w'en de 'cashun come up. Brer Fox he des ez uppity ez little Jack Sparre, en he 'low he as swiff ez Brer Rabbit, en ez strong ez Ole Man Tarrypin, ez wuz de out'nes' beas' er de whole gang. Brer Fox, he kinder lay out fer ter imitate Brer Tarrypin, like Brer Frog w'en he imitates Brer Bull. Brer Tarrypin, 'cos he rock 'long en smile. Brer Bison he kinder tired of his partnership wid Ole Brer Hare, ez wuz pow'ful weak en mighty skeersome, en lay low to be trampled on, en w'en Brer Fox he done put his foot down en 'fuse ter foller Brer Hare Brer Bison he foller Brer Fox, like he wuzn't lookin', en wuz des a goin' his own way. Brer Bison wuz ez big as an ilum, honey, but taint allers de biggity beastes' en de mos' savviges' ez is de out'nes' after all. Brer Wolff—him ez I tell yer wuz not ter tek de measure er Brer Alligator, he allers holler *wahes!* w'en Brer Fox holler *wahoo!* En Bre Coon, he sing:—

Ole Molly Har'
W'at you doin' dar,
Sittin' on de fron' bench
Allers on de scar'?

En he help ter turn out de Brer Hare en tuk his place."

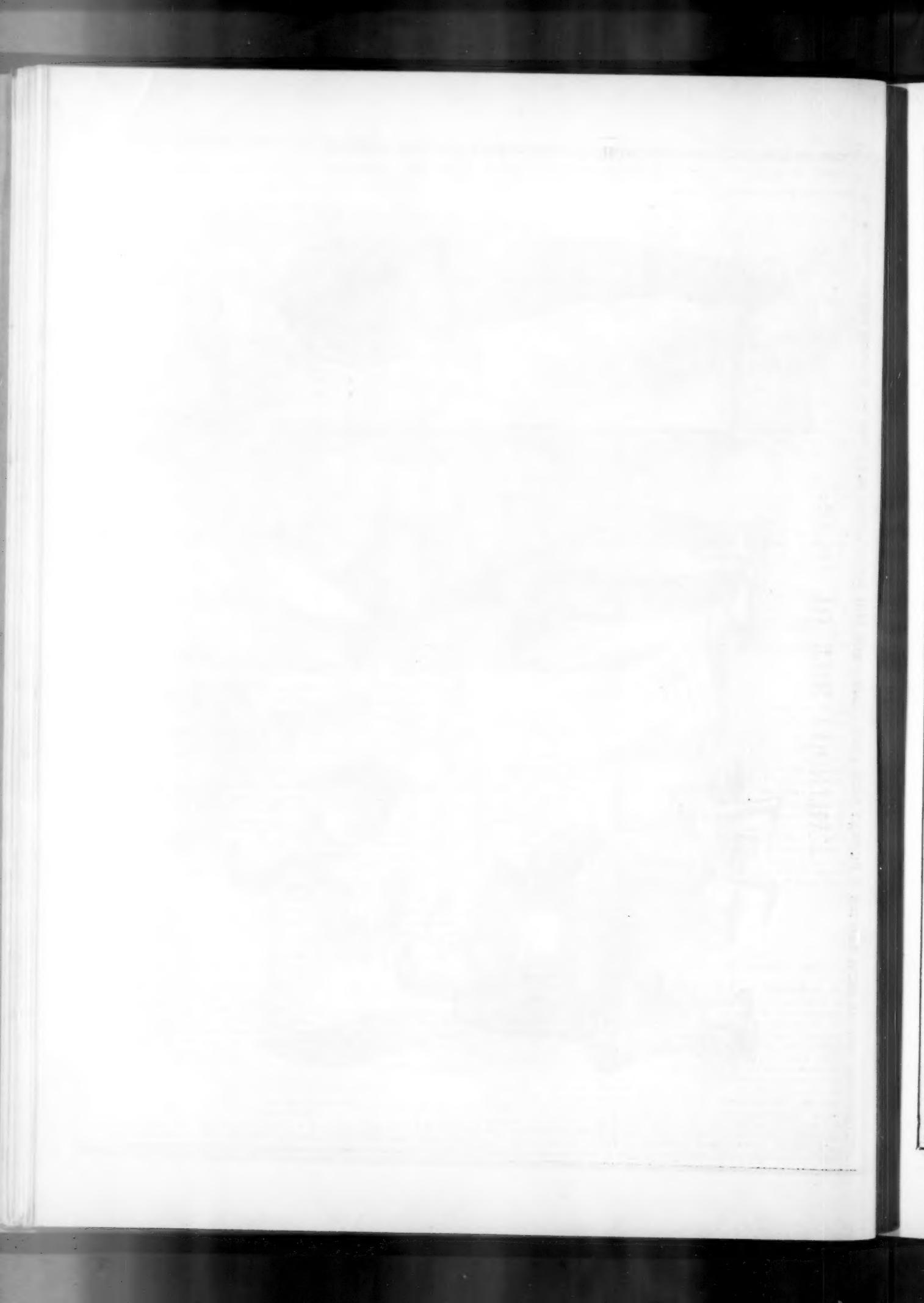
"But that was rather mean, wasn't it, Uncle REMUS?" said the little boy.

"Cose, honey," replied the old man. "All de Buzzards in de settl'ment 'll come to de gray Mule's funer'l. Wen dey spishun'd ez Ole Brer Rabbit hiself wuz kinder stuck wid de ole contraption wut dey call de Tar-Baby, wut I tell you of, en wuz etched fis' en foot, dey kinder roun' on Brer Rabbit, de udder beastees did, twel bimeby Brer Rabbit pull hisself loose, en den dey lay low, en call him Gran' Ole Brer Rabbit, like he ain't never got stuck tall. Pow'ful mean de beastees is w'en dey see one on em sorter linger'n' twix' a bauk en break-down. 'Fore Brer Rabbit lef' de head er de gang, like I tole yer, Brer Fox, en Brer Wolff, en Brer Bison, en de res' er dat lot, dey say ez how dey's des fokes ter kick de natal stuffin' outer Brer B'ar, en ter skerblossh Brer Bull-Frog, en ter 'strack ter toothies er Brer Alligator, en mos' tickler ter keep der ring fas' on der snout er Brer Pig, ez wuz allers bustin' outen his stye, en er rootin' roun', en er cuttin' drifflie didos. Dey'd tie up Brer Pig, dey say, fas' ez a mule at a fence, en dey des wouldn't have



“ GOING TO THE COUNTRY.”

MR. WILLIAM, THE OLD BUTLER (to new *ditto*). “ I’M OUT O’ PLACE JUST NOW; BUT I DONT MIND LENDING A HELPING HAND TO—GET YOU OFF ! ”



no truck wid none er dem ez'd unhitch even one er his behime legs. E'en w'en dey had der way, en wux top er de fence, fus' news you knowed wuz ez dey'd tuck de ring clean out'n Brer Pig's snout, en let him ez loose ez a colt in de barley-patch."

"And how about Brer B'ar and Brer Alligator?" asked the little Boy.

"Chiluns is mighty curs," said the old man, reflectively; "but dey can't speek ter know all 'bout eve'thing 'fo' eve'body. T'won't do fer ter give out all de hide fer one p'ar boots. Big 'possum clime little tree, en 'pears ter me ez Brer Fox, tho' he kinder bounces it out, en say he ain't got nuthin ter 'poligize fer, en Brer Bison en Brer Coon dey swat ter grashus dey ain't promised mos' nuffin, dat ez dey's done 'long er Brer Pig, so dey's like ter do 'long er de udder beastees. I tell yer, honey, Miss Meadows she don't dis'member nuffin, en she keep her eye on de whole caboodle on em."

"Who was Miss Meadows, Uncle REMUS?" inquired the little boy.

"Miss Meadows she de mistiss er de House," replied the old darkey. "Dem ez wuz sorter familius wid her called her Miss Tan'yer, dey did, wot wuz her chris'n name, but I call her Miss Meadows. She wuz allers on der tale, Miss Meadows wuz, en ef de beastees dey cut up too many didos, Miss Meadows she done put her foot down she did, en say dat w'en dey come ter her place dey hatter hang up a flag er truce at de front gate en 'bide by it. Miss Meadows she ain't place much 'pennance on Brer Bison, en Brer Fox, en Brer Coon. But she mighty unrashful en unfuttersome, Miss Meadows, mos' all de time, 'leep w'en she's sorter set up, en she des lay low en wait fer ter se w'at after all dey'll do erlong er Brer B'ar, en Brer Alligator, en Brer Bull-Frog, en de udder forrin beastees, wut dey crack on dey'd farly wipe up der face er de ear wid, w'en dey'd de pow'r en de place. En I'd 'vise yer to do de same, honey," concluded the old man. "Lay low en wait, honey, on you'll see how der pym'tums 'll segashuate."

NOTES BY NIBBS.

(To see the Great Pink Pearl at the Prince's.)

I HAD heard such a favourable report of the *Great Pink Pearl* after its first exhibition at some matinée, that I anticipated a real treat, as probably did the majority of the audience, at the Prince's Theatre last Monday week.

It may be that the Pearl in question was, on the first occasion, placed before a jury of appreciative oysters, and that, on this second occasion, it was thrown before undiscriminating porters,—*quorum pars magna fui*,—as certainly there were a number of gruntera present who expressed themselves dissatisfied with the evening performance of Messrs. CARTON and RALEIGH'S "farce play."

Had this been its first representation, I should have delayed any remarks upon it until I had seen it again; as, take what piece you will, whether speaking as Hard Nibbs, Soft Nibbs, or Medium Nibbs, I assert, for the hundredth time, that,

after only seeing its first representation, it is almost impossible for anyone to pronounce such a criticism upon it as shall be of any use to the Author, Actors, or the public. The primary end and aim of all true criticism should be the special benefit of the Artist, and the general improvement of the Art, whatever it may be. To convert what should be a critical article into a mere journalistic paragraph of the day's news, or to turn it into a convenient vehicle for airing personal opinions, is an abuse of criticism. Critics honestly found fault with *The Private Secretary*, and when, in consequence, Author and Actors at once went to work to re-rehearse, to excise, and to make a piece, which had so much good stuff in it, what it ought to have been at first, they showed a just appreciation of criticism, and have largely profited by their sagacity.

If the Great Pink'un, Messrs. CARTON, RALEIGH & Co., will do likewise, there may yet be a good chance for what they have described as their "farce play," which, as now played, has just so much farce in it as prevents it from being a serious play, and just so much serious drama in it as prevents it from being a farce. The Actors

appeared as if uncertain how to render it. Were they to be conscious of its extravagance, or ignore it? Were Fenianism, revolvers, detectives, Russian police-spies, and a box of dynamite to be impressed on the audience as terrible realities, or as mere farcical absurdities?

Such situations as are genuinely comic were thoroughly enjoyed by the audience who came to laugh, and who, on this account, resented the introduction of melodramatic intensity which considerably perplexed them.

It is, therefore, a difficult matter to criticise the acting. It may be exactly what the Authors wished it. If so, the result is unfortunate. If it is not what the Authors intended, then the sooner the acting of the two principal personages is reformed altogether, the better for the chances of the piece. The key to what must puzzle any audience is to be found in the performance of Mr. GROVES as the Fenian conspirator, *Gormani*. His acting is as highly coloured as his face; and if this is contrary to the Authors' meaning, then his art is as false as his palpable wig and whiskers. Either the entire piece ought to be, by every one concerned, played down to Mr. GROVES's broadly burlesque impersonation of the *Gormani*, or played up to the true comedy level on which even M. MARIUS, excellent as he is in this, does not consistently remain. Sometimes it seemed to flash across M. MARIUS in the midst of a most serious situation, that, after all, they were "only purtendin'," and that he was in a farcical sort of Criterion piece, and bound to raise a laugh. Were the *rôles* of Sheen and *Gormani* played by Messrs. GARDEN and GROVES as are all the other parts, with yet some intensity added even to these, the piece, I think, would achieve a distinct and peculiar success. As it is—that is, when I saw it—it was perplexing and irritating. If Mr. GROVES has influenced the Authors and Actors, against their better judgment, to accept his view of the play, then he must be the Groves of Blarney personified; but if his rendering of the character is according to the Authors' instructions, then on their heads be it.

The party of the name of GARDEN—a most refreshing suggestion of the Garden Party—works painfully hard as *Anthony Sheen*, but is entirely un-funny. He does indeed merit the description applied to him by M. MARIUS, the calm Russian Diplomat.—we've had a small family of these characters since Baron STEIN, in *Dora*,—when the latter says several times, "These people have no repose,"—and from this point of view the Garden Party touring in Paris—his *royage en Sheen*—may be taken as correctly interpreting his Authors' meaning.

M. MARIUS has the funniest line in the piece to say when he shouts out to a German Count, who has never uttered more than one syllable at a time, "Silence, Chatterbox!" which brought down the house, and woke us all up. This German Count, called *Serge*—perhaps because he is dressed in broadcloth—is capitaliy played by Mr. DENISON; Mr. CAFFREY, too, as the Russian Secret Police Agent, cannot be bettered. This actor may not have power to sustain a leading part, but he certainly has a special talent for "a bit of character." But how many, who might possibly have been great Actors, have been captivated by an easy success in "a bit of character."

As far as appearance goes, Miss COMPTON, whose acting has vastly improved since last I saw her, is almost an ideal type of the Russian, or, if not Russian, at all events of the Polish—or highly Polish'd—Countess; but she drops her voice when she should raise it, and, on this particular night, she so dropped it at the end of her best speech, as to risk the loss of the point which could have been legitimately made. This may have been an accident; but so it was.

The *mise-en-scène* is very good, and the attention to such details as the French Police episode in the Second Act, points to the hand of Monsieur MARIUS as Stage Manager of the show.

The piece owes nothing to any foreign source, the Authors having got it all out of their own heads.

Mr. SAVILE CLARKE and the other CLARKE "JOHN S." have had new pieces at the Strand Theatre, SARAH B. has appeared triumphantly as *Theodora* at the Gaiety, there is *The O'Dora* at Tool's, and, in this hot weather, I am, yours truly, THE TRAM-QUILL NIBBS.

FROM NEWMARKET.—July Meeting, last week. The winner *Kendal's* starting price was eight to one. Taken, of course, in Queen's Shillings. Mr. JOHN HAKE says he doesn't know what KENDAL'S future engagements are, but he thinks of booking him.





First Alderman. "ANY NEWS?"
Second Ditto (Radical). "BLESS'D IF I AIN'T A'MOST AFRAID TO LOOK IN THE PAPERS!
'FIND MYSELF A HEART OR A BARRENITE OR SOMETHIN'!!"

A GENTLE REMINDER.

"We haven't heard much about Mud-Salad Market lately," writes a Correspondent. No; because we haven't been much about Mud-Salad Market lately. We have sniffed it from afar, and once a Cabman tried it as a short cut from Garrick Street to Fleet Street. It was a sultry day, and we only awoke to the fact that he was attempting the impossible when we found ourselves wedged in between carts and barrows at the corner of Southampton Street. And oh! for the beautiful scent, and oh! for the lovely language of flowers! No; Mud-Salad Market does not seem to have improved. Long live the Duke with the iron will, or rather the iron "won't." There's no moving him; so let him be re-titled "The Duke of Slop-IN-BED-FORD." Well, *Mr. Punch* has done all he could; but if the Covent-Gardeners themselves have learned to love the muck, why they must be left to enjoy it, and to write up over their gates the optimistic motto, "Everything is for the Best!"

THIS age flatters itself on being philosophic. Much is heard of Neo-Platonism. To our thinking, much that passes for philosophy is Electro-Platonism.

THE CONQUERING MACHINE.

(*After a Visit to the Inventions Exhibition.*)

You say that "Evolution's blind,
 Her purpose unforeseen,"—
 Nay, for as types she leaves behind,
 She keeps for ever in her mind
 The Conquering Machine!

Even now,—oh future years of grace
 The prophecy fulfil!
 Our hearts the dawning influence trace,
 The "nerve of steel" we try to brace,
 Or bend "the iron will."

Now, to the eye of faith displayed
 The coming form is seen,
 In every office, every trade,
 I watch, in human garb arrayed,
 The Conquering Machine!

In the dim watches of the night
 I see the portent rise,
 A creature of unearthly might,
 Irradiate with electric light,
 And justly focussed eyes!

By careful Evolution planned
 With many a gliding wheel,
 To warn, to comfort, to command,
 To fly, to drive a four-in-hand,
 Or dance a Highland reel!

Volition vain will fret no more
 The Automatic Soul,
 Emotion then will fail to score,
 While reflex action takes the floor,
 And dominates the whole!

Machines no conscience will neglect,
 No scruples will endure,
 For conscience, in that realm correct
 Of automatic intellect;
 Will be a sinecure!

As, driven no more by passion's gale,
 Nor impulse unforeseen,
 Humanity shall faint and fail,
 And on her ruins will prevail
 The Conquering Machine!

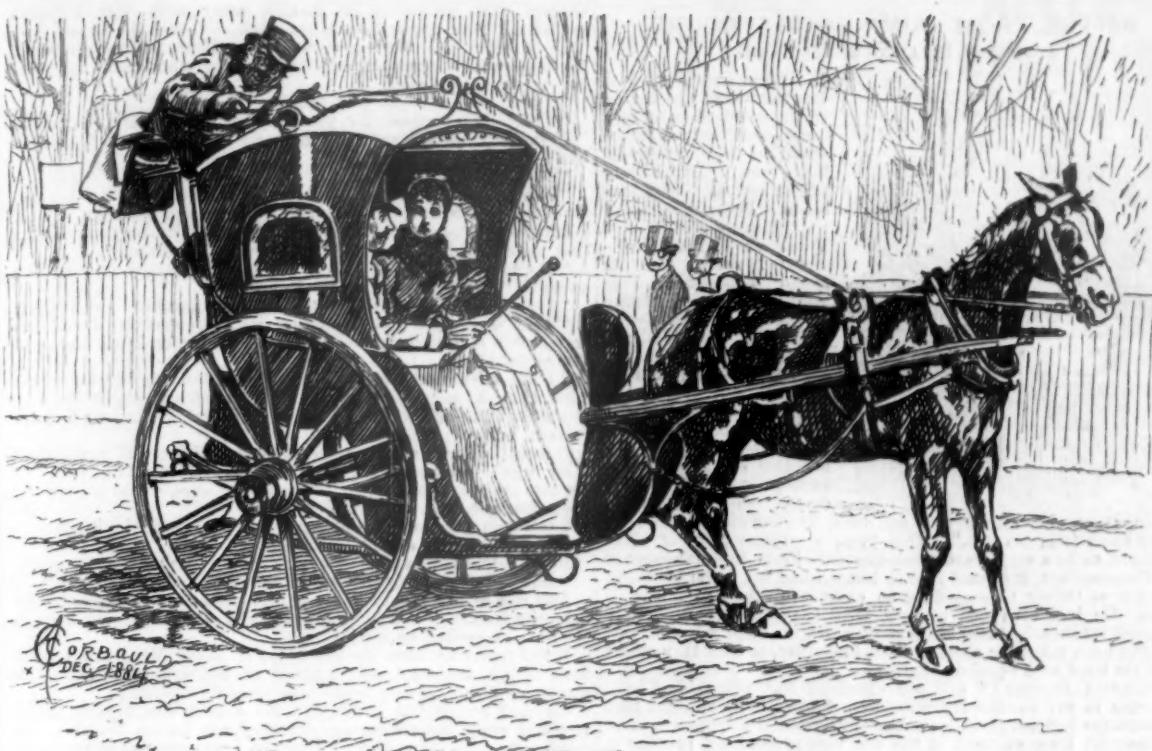
Responsibility begone!
 Let Freedom's flag be furled;
 Oh, coming ages, hasten on,
 And bring the true Automaton,
 The monarch of the world!

RECREATION AND ROWDYSIM.—A party of athletes, assembled the other Sunday in the Abbey meadows at Leicester to play cricket, were prevented by a mob from pursuing their game. Granted the right of any who have the might to enforce the observance of Sunday as a Sabbath, how does that authorise them to stop a game of cricket? It surely stands to reason that persons engaging themselves in pure play are distinctively doing no manner of work.

New Song of Sixpence.

SING a Song of Sixpence
 Telegrams awry;
 Promise of cheap messages
 Proving all my eye.
 When the Tories opened,
 Said it couldn't be,
 Isn't that a pretty "dish"
 To set before JOHN B.?

SONG FOR WIMBLEDON (by one who objects to the kicking of the Martini-Henry).—"How happy could I be with Snider!"



COMFORTING.

Cabby (to Fare). "SIT WELL BACK, SIR. MY 'OSS IS SUBJECT TO FITS, AN' 'E'S HAPT TO GET 'IS 'EELS OVER THE SPLASH-BOARD!!"

NO MEMORY FOR FACES.

For mnemonic exercises I've an inborn predilection,
Being gifted with the faculty of vivid recollection.
I remember fervid enloures pronounced upon my charms
As I sweetly crowed and gurgled, lying in my nurse's arms;
I can quote the longest monologues e'er written by the Bard,
And can reel you off hexameters and sapphics by the yard;
I've the liveliest remembrance of events and names and places
And of dates, despite their dulness,—but I can't remember faces!

That I cannot keep in mind the diff'rent shades of eyes and hair,
Or distinguish grim old maids from merry school-girls, young and
fair;
That I never know my Father when I meet him in the street,
But mistake him for some Alderman or Chaplain to the Fleet;
That my intimate acquaintances unrecognised I pass,
And am puzzled by my own face when I see it in the glass,
Seems incredible, no doubt; but 'tis the gospel truth, I vow!
It has got me, you may fancy, into many a fearful row.

At a dinner-party once I had to sit, as chance befel,
'Twixt two men who shook my hand and seemed to know me very
well,—

They were pleasant, chatty fellows, and I soon found out, indeed,
That on Politics, Religion, and the Drama they agreed.
But imagine my confusion when they murmured, sweet and low,
"Introduce us! That's a man I should extremely like to know."
For my answer in each case I had to blush, as it was this:—
"I should really be too happy,—but I don't know who he is!"

I was strolling down the Strand, and musing on the Missing Link,
When a rascal snatched my watch-chain, and was off, as quick as
wink.

I pursued him for some minutes at considerable speed,
And had very nearly caught him; but my nose began to bleed.
When I met him next (as I believed) he looked a perfect swell,
And was lounging on the door-step of a mansion in Pall Mall.

I laid hold of him with promptitude—a course that cost me dear—
For he proved, to my discomfiture, a pugilistic Peer!

I'm acquainted with a worthy old Colonial Bishop, whom
I regret to say I've frequently mistaken for his groom.
As they really don't resemble one another in the least,
I feel sure that he considers me an idiotic beast.
So, I have no doubt at all, do many other friends of mine
In the legal, or the naval, or the military line,
Whom, alas! I have offended—quite unwittingly, I trow—
By addressing them as people whom they didn't even know!

I've mistaken pious Countesses for Ladies of the Ballet,
Archæologists for publicans, a Statesman for his valet;
I've upset the equanimity of once unruffled lives
By just "mixing up" my dearest friends, and, what was worse,
their wives.

I went up, the other day, to an intolerable bore,
Whom I afterwards discovered I had never seen before,
And insisted upon asking him to dinner. Need I say
That he's stuck to me like putty ever since that dreadful day!

With keen agony, from week to week, I ask myself anew
To remove this disability what is it I can do?
I have studied physiognomy and every plastic art,
And I've stared at people's features till I've learnt them off by
heart.

But, confound it! my experiments have all been made in vain,
For I ne'er can recollect to whom the faces appertain;
Yet they haunt me, and I know them, in the visions of the night,—
But throughout my waking hours I can never get them right!

I am gravitating fast towards a chasm of despair,
My annoyano-s are greater than I possibly can bear;—
I would try the hermit dodge, and see my fellow-men no more,
Were it not that life-long solitude is such a horrid bore.
If I thought it wouldn't hurt, I would my own quietus make
With a bodkin, or a bullet, or a slice of poisoned cake;
For my cup of life is brimming full of sorrows and disgraces,
All resulting from the fact that—I've no memory for faces!

PAPERS FROM PUMP-HANDLE COURT.
I APPEAR IN A VOLUNTEER CASE.



"I stood it, as when all was said and done, BUNDER did not know his right hand from his left." This (from a military point of view) appeared to be a very grave misdemeanor. From the statement of the Commandant, it seemed that he himself had not found his proud position as Officer Commanding an exact equivalent to a bed of roses. He had been put to very great expense, and ultimately resigned because the three batteries of which his corps was composed insisted upon marching abreast down Piccadilly, so that they might hear the band with equal distinctness.

"Captain BUNDER!" said my excellent and admirable Clerk, ushering in my warlike acquaintance. I was a little annoyed that PORTINGTON had not given me notice of the soldier's approach, as at the moment I was engaged in the not very professional practice of trying to teach my wife's dog (a black poodle) how to balance a biscuit on his nose until he was told that it had been duly purchased. This was all the more embarrassing as I had always given BUNDER to understand that I devoted my entire time in Chambers to the consideration of intricate points of law.

Left alone, on the retirement of PORTINGTON and the poodle, the Captain opened his heart to me freely, and told me that he had been worried out of his life by his gunners, headed by Sergeant SMITH and Bombardier BROWN. Instead of "falling in" at the word of command, his men, headed by the said subordinates, or rather insubordinates, had insisted upon holding meetings, at which he (their Captain) had been denounced in no measured terms; and that when he had mildly retaliated by dismissing the ringleaders individually in a regimental order published in a local paper, had been threatened with five distinct actions for libel.

"So, seeing your name outside," he concluded, "and remembering that you said you were a Barrister or something, I thought I would just step in and ask you what I had better do."

I pondered for several moments, while I tried to remember as many provisions as I could of the Mutiny Act.

"Were you before an enemy?" at length I answered, "I am of opinion that you might order them to suffer death or any less punishment that might be awarded by a general Court-Martial."

"Well, we are not before an enemy," retorted BUNDER angrily, "and so far from my ordering them anything, I am hanged if they haven't summoned me! They have applied that I should be compelled to discover a certain dummy gun, when I have never even seen it!"

"Well, my dear friend," I replied, with hesitation, "you see I have had very little to do with criminal work, and therefore am rather out of my element."

This innocent remark seemed to add fuel to the fire, and BUNDER became angrier than ever. However my dulcet tones, and apologetic if not abject manner, at length had their effect, and my visitor at last told me his sorrows in detail, and I promised to appear for him in the police-court on the morrow.

When I reached Bowbrough Street the next day, I found the Captain seated in full regiments (which, no doubt, had secured him the consideration from the Usher) on the Bench. I subsequently ascertained that he had "spotted his uniform" with a view to favourably impressing the presiding Magistrate. If this were his object, he signalized in attaining it, as Mr. BANG, the worthy official in question, when he arrived (as he did in a very great hurry, as if he had just five minutes to get through his work and catch an express train), immediately ordered him down.

"I see, Sir," cried his Worship, angrily, "that you are here

charged with concealing or making away with Her Majesty's property. Your proper place is the Dock, Sir—not the Bench!"

Upon which the until-now-obsequious Usher suddenly changed his tone, and unmercifully hustled my client into the space beyond the Clerk's desk.

"I protest—" began poor BUNDER.

"Does anyone appear for you?" asked his Worship, snappishly. "Dear me! has the man lost his voice? Does anyone appear for him?"

"I do," I replied, firmly.

"Who are you, Sir?" snapped out the Magistrate, as if rehearsing BURNARD AND SULLIVAN's excellent Operetta *Cox and Box*.

I felt very much inclined to continue the duet by saying, "What's that to you, Sir?" when his Worship went on, excitedly,

"Do you belong to a firm, or are you in practice on your own account?"

"I am not a Solicitor, Sir, as you appear to imagine—" I began.

"Then what have you to do here, Sir?" interrupted the Magistrate, with increased fury. "Not a word, Sir, or I will have you turned out!"

"I am a Barrister, Sir," I exclaimed, in the tone adopted by the hero of the old melodramas, when, throwing off a cloak, he was wont to appear in a profusion of foreign decorations, as the long-lost and rightful heir.

Instead of Mr. BANG going down upon his knee, and exclaiming, "My liege!" he merely requested me, with impatient courtesy, "to get into my proper place then," adding, *sotto voce*, "that he supposed I was instructed by somebody."

I was then ushered into a long pew on the right of the Bench.

"And now that's over," continued his Worship, "what is it?"

Immediately two garrulous persons sprang to their feet.

"One at a time. Put that man into the box, and swear him."

And one of the speakers was seized, hustled into a compartment, handed a book, and told to kiss it, whilst an official galloped through the form prescribed by law.

"And now what have you got to say?" asked Mr. BANG, leaning back in his armchair, and glaring at the witness through his spectacles with a ferocity which was perfectly appalling.

Sergeant SMITH (for it was he) had a great deal to say. Every now and again he was savagely interrupted by his Worship, who asked some question or other. I confess I was so upset by the hurry and scurry of the whole affair that I could hear nothing. The only thing that pleased me was the fact that Mr. BANG occasionally looked at me when I bowed graciously, feeling most grateful for his recognition.

"Have you anything to ask the witness?" asked Mr. BANG, when the Sergeant had come to a full stop. I feebly shook my head and weakly smiled.

"Swear the next witness," snapped out the Magistrate.

"But I want to ask him something," began Captain BUNDER, excitedly.

"Can't," cried his Worship. "You're represented by Counsel! And now, Bombardier Brown, what do you know about it?"

Again the examination of witnesses went on. Again I was too flurried to follow the thread of the testimony, again I gratefully bowed whenever the Magistrate looked at me. Once more I had no questions ready.

"I will be heard!" shouted the infuriated BUNDER at this point.

"Can't," repeated the Magistrate. "You're represented by Counsel."

"But I won't be represented by Counsel or anyone else," cried the angry soldier. "I prefer to appear in person. Why, whenever you appealed to him," he continued, indignantly pointing at me, "he decided against me!"

"He did!" returned the Magistrate, shortly; "but that's his business and not mine!"

"But it is mine!" almost yelled BUNDER. "I repudiate him!"

Mr. BANG looked at me. Of course there was only one thing for me to do. Full of mortification, and hurt to the very quick, I retired.

I waited for BUNDER until he emerged from the Court.

"Sir," I said, "I never intended to appear for you in any other character than that of a friend. As a friend, not a Counsel, I have appeared for you. But from this moment your qualification as a friend ceases."

"Appear for me as a Counsel!" he exclaimed, scornfully. "More of the sell than the other! You'll never be Lord Chancellor!"

* * * * *

As I have hinted, this occurred many years ago. Calmly considering the matter now, with an experience mellowed by time, I am of opinion that my client's excitement was pardonable, as the professional assistance I was then able to afford him was not of as much value as I could have wished—earnestly, most earnestly could have wished! As for his prophecy, he was right—I never have been Lord Chancellor!

A. BRIEFLLESS, JUNIOR.



THE TOILET:—ANTICIPATION AND REALIZATION!